

My beloved

In the wisdom of the night in the bright glow of a silvery moon

There was a reflection of being and my soul walked towards the light

Having searched for oh so long with and with out longing

Oh lover let me not speak of the darkest night for we all have so many but of the harvest like the corn upon the field ripening in the light of the sun.

Between our breath our deep breath taking in the light and breathing out the pain and agony

Of the seed in growth wrestling with our being pushing aside the ego of a standing man.

Travelling for so long on a path were strong winds have pushed a side so many roots leaving a space to be filled with not knowing. The destiny of our being the wonder in a child.

Let me say this my love that on the edge of falling the fear is greater than great but the space

In which we breath our final breath before our final drop in to our being is with out end nor beginning it is a rose a wonderful rose that opens endless in the morning of a new day and her thorns make it shine so bright.

Oh lover the fall of dying is crying but the final breath taken by the wind

Moved by the invisible is unheard un seen in a prayer of light oh how foolish we are to think we live so short when one has tasted the fruits of no beginning

And the end never in sight

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My love

It has been so many years' days and moments of thinking that
and not seeing this.

Silently my heart opens to silent sound in a flow of bliss found in this and only
this.

No my words don't want to say to morrow and that the sun will raise again,

In the flow of creation there is always the flow the burning flame of the
wonderful insane the edge of no tomorrow falling in to no where no where
falling in flied we meet being, being in flied whether it is day or night.

Beloved

And now looking at the sky I can truly say that home is where I am.

And that in all houses a house roofless and with no walls surrounding our being

That in that is this and that pain gives bliss in depth of our being.

Oh yes we travel not to travel we breath not to breath we say yes to say no and

in all is all a fulfilment of nothing in nowhere.

And that to understand is not to know.

We all are so different and in this difference we are the same earth is earth sky is sky on which we sigh laugh or cry but surely die each day on our way where we direct the path of a living creation pretending so often to be not knowing we are no one.

Beloved

We all are so conditioned to think that in growth is an end for the mind does not really know.

Oh love in this world of wonder and our minds so small no to comprehend we flow on like rivers do, the river does not know nor does its path, there are two side's holding the flow, the left and the right and all came from a height flowing in to the ocean to rise again by the warmth of the sun.

Love is warm hate is cold and our loving heart holds the beat to both.

And on this rhythm of living creation we create our own sound we my love are so free to choose, but I ask is there really a choose?

Deep in our being is the seed longing for warmth. Without it we cannot grow.

We cannot rise to stars of which we came if our heart is cold.

There are tree side's to a coin, the third is round we are the third site

Beloved

On this morning wind the sky is riding my heart in silence of my breath.

Taken am I in a storm of tears and laughter and my feet are rooted firmly in to the earth.

Waiting for an other wind to blow swaging me from here to there from there to here. Oh lover what is life but living in love of being seeing that our soul is one. It is difficult not to get lost with so many losers around; it is not easy not to find death between the dying.

Looking around seeing a lifeless sound to many on my path of creation seeing there and not here not feeling that the flied is our being reaching nowhere.

Are the heavens not telling us there is nowhere to go nowhere to reach for all is endless.

We have been taught to go there to be there and there will always be there.

It is like saying everyday tomorrow I am going to be loving but tomorrow never comes.

Let me tell you lover of life we are born to be this and only this.

And when you are this you can never be that.

Beloved

My way is not to teach you for I do not know.

My way is no way no long road for you to travel upon.

What I have I can not give it will only be a reflection like the sun shining on the waters and reflecting in your eyes.

Our heart is still so filled with boundaries we have created them everywhere.

But how small we are when we look upon the stars of which we came forth of which we are part our minds are too little to see it all and yet we walk around thinking we know but we do not.

If we could taste the sweetness of death we all be dying tomorrow and give life back but life cannot be given back it is the seed of tomorrow's flower to seed again. We are that seed to grow unique in to our face the face of heaven the face of earth. No one who only walks the surface will have tasted the depth of being alive feeling the breath of freedom in an endless sky.

Beloved

Are we to often not stupid?
To many miles away from being?
We see not for we are to blind to see.
We feel not for our heart has taken possession of wanting what we cannot have.
And what we do have we want to hold on to only to learn that we leave it all.
Weather we like it or not.
We are so afraid of death for we do not know what death is it looks like
darkness to us but let me tell you that death can be light if you are light.
We project what we are.
Have no fear of dying for it is the sweet journey to light if you are.
Every star has its twinkle of being, which can shine through your eyes.
Have you not seen lovers in love they radiate.
Our way is being, being love in light.
No one can find there way in darkness
Be a light and you never be lost again
Close your eyes and see.

Beloved

The invisible is not seen with open eyes.

With our eyes closed we all can travel on an endless journey

Following your feet in non doing

Oh lover you are the breath of living breathing in and out

Going forward going backward going up going down

It is the circle of creation in growth growing wider beyond stars

Endless of which we do not know and can never see

Infinity is just a word

Being is seeing

Dearest

Oh endless road where is your end in growth
Are you just like a flower sowing seeds in death in the light of the dark earth.
Moistened with tears of growing pain.
Yes I do see that rebirth takes place in the night growing towards the light.
And I do see that many turn there back to the world of the unknown
For darkness we know towards love we grow and if we don't answer our call of
nature we flow against the river of life a fight against our selves.
The spirit of nature is our being our homecoming.
A seed to flower in wind rain and sunshine where clouds drift by and an endless
sky is seen so endless.
Where there is no beginning there is no end.
There is only being in seeing.

Dearest

On my road from hell to heaven
From mind to heart and far beyond
My words fly on paper wisdom in existence
To be received by all who are open with heart leaving the mind at the shore.
Any whisper in your ear with words of loving can awake in your heart.
Oh no my love the mind is good to use when it is useful
It is only when it takes control of you that you must take control of the mind.
We my love are to often our emotions a song with false note singing a tune so
familiar, no my lover the song is silence in our hearts are the blessings
uncountable For it is so simple where there is loving there is no hate.
Jesus turned the tables in the temple you can turn towards loving making a joy
in your life a dance filled with loving grace singing the highest of song.
Going higher going deeper growing wider being the vulnerable flower in the
wind and blessing rain seeing pain and seeing that in pain is a rose waiting to be
open in Gods earth in Gods song.
Sing this song of living well alive and you blessings are not to be counted.

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Dearest lover

If we both would dance on the waves towards the ocean of being than how wonderful the dance would be.

For it is than my love that the sun going down will be the fruits of our loving.

And the whispering wind disappearing in to the deep blue sea.

Oh my lover the days of not knowing have been so long also when you arms were around mine and you blond curly hair flying in the wind bringing freedom to my heart.

Yes the dance is the dance in a one romance diving to the spirit of height.

The yin in Yang and the yang in yinn

Dearest friend

In us all lays darkness lays light.
Darkness covers light and light covers darkness.
When one strikes two matches holding them together
There is one flame
Thus in one flame is two matches
And so my love it is with the world
We all are one and in all we are.
Death unites us in to being
Also the death of the ego.
The fight is not to being a higher conscious
you are oh so alone
But all belongs to all.